

THE AMERICAN

VOL. II.—NO. 51.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1881.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

NOTES.

HOPE changes once more to sickening anxiety. On Sunday night the President's symptoms changed for the worse. His wound continues apparently to improve; but his stomach has refused to perform its office, rejecting everything that he took, and exhausting his little strength by repeated vomitings. With a man in his condition this is sadly ominous, and, if it continues, fatal. While his temperature continues normal, the rise of the pulse to 130 indicates almost infantile weakness, brought on by exhaustion. Before this reaches our readers the worst will be known, and the worst may be that the country has lost a President who has won in the last two months such a place in its affectionate regard as no other has ever held. The one hope is in the strength of his physique, the excellence of his former habits, and his splendid moral courage. The danger is in that he suffered for years from dyspepsia, the curse that follows the scholar's too sedentary life.

THE Banker's Convention at Saratoga was a meeting of more than usual interest. It is now recognized on all hands that the day cannot be far distant when a change in our banking system will be necessitated by the new condition of the public debt. It is doubted very generally whether the banks will be able to continue their operations as a source of supply for paper money, if the bonds they are required to deposit in guarantee are to bear but three or three and a half per cent., and their capital is taxed. In this regard, there is general agreement among bankers that these taxes should be removed, and the banking system of America made as free as that of Canada. It is also feared that the rapid extinction of the national debt ultimately will leave no bonds for the deposits which the law requires as security for bank-notes. What is to be done then? Some propose a return to State banking, and the abandonment of the National system. One paper read at the Convention proposed the retention of that system, with security for the notes through their being made a first lien on the assets of the bank, through the continuance of government inspection. Either this, or the substitution of bonds other than governments, but approved by the comptroller of the currency, must furnish the basis of our national banking of the next century.

Mr. WINDOM and Mr. KNOX made reports on the department of fiscal management which belongs to their care. That of Mr. KNOX was much the more valuable of the two. The most interesting part was the summary of results obtained through the special report of the 30th of June. It seems to have occurred first to Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, of the London Bankers' Institute, to make inquiries as to the relative parts which coin, paper money, and money of account play in banking business. He found that the last of the three (represented by checks and bills) aggregated 93.1 per cent. in London banks, and 96.8 per cent. in country banks. Mr. GARFIELD, when chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency in 1871, made a somewhat similar inquiry with regard to the business done by fifty-two banks, arranged in three groups—the great city, the small city, and the country banks. He found that 88 per cent. of their transactions were by checks and bills. Mr. KNOX's report covers 1,966 of the 2,106 national banks, and shows that 95.13 per cent. of their business is in money of account and 4.06 per cent. in paper money. An analysis of the general returns according to localities, shows that wherever the credit system is highly organized, the percentage of money of account is greatest. Thus: New York uses 98.7 per cent.; Boston 96.5 per cent.; Philadelphia 96 per cent.; down to Washington, 59.8 per cent. This report ought to be sufficient to convict all our legislation in regard to banking, of intolerable blundering. The law-maker's notion is that the bank affects, and can injure, the community through its paper money mainly, if not entirely. The figures show that paper money is but a fraction of the vast agency it employs. Without issuing a note, it can create on its ledger a currency the most voluminous, the most useful, and the most dangerous in the world. Several of the papers read at the Convention, notably those of President THOMPSON of New York, and Mr. SOWLES of St. Albans, showed a proper sense of the bankers' responsibility for the use of this vast power, acknowledging that it is to their too free extension of credit that the great panics are due.

GEORGIA, we regret to say, is trying to "reform" her infamous system of hiring out convicts to contractors. Even if such a system

were capable of right regulation in the beginning, it would be impossible to correct the evils which exist in this instance, after these have once taken root. The abuses described in the report of the Committee of Investigation cannot be corrected by setting aside the officials who were responsible for them, and substituting three commissioners to represent the State, unless these commissioners can be invested with omniscience or omnipresence. They may reform the most glaring evils, but they cannot exert that constant supervision which would prevent the bad traditions of the system from bearing fruit. What Georgia needs is a new system. The best known to the world is that which Sir WALTER CROFTON devised for the Irish prisons, and which has reduced the criminal class in Ireland to less than half its former dimensions, by effecting the reform of the prisoners. Each sentence of imprisonment is divided into three equal periods. The first is spent in an ordinary prison, with employment in oakum picking or the like. The second is spent in agricultural labor in an open plain. The third is passed under police surveillance in some ordinary employment, to which the convict is bound. Whoever tries to escape has to begin it all over again. Denmark and other European countries are adopting this system with results as gratifying as those reached in Ireland.

THE campaign in Ohio and that in Virginia constitute at present nearly the sum total of political movement. Mr. BOOKWALTER, the Democratic candidate for the Ohio Governorship, seems to be following the line of action devised by Mr. TILDEN, and adopted, with poor success, by Mr. ENGLISH in Indiana. He is substituting personal agents for the recognized political workers, and is depending more upon personal solicitation than upon agitation and political demonstrations. This is in the main the English way of approaching constituencies, and thus far it has not met with much success in America, when pursued as the only line of activity. Americans prefer the public appeal from their public men; and while the speeches of our campaigns are too often appeals to passions as ignoble as any that can be reached in the "still hunts," there is in them at least the decency of pretending to offer public reasons and impersonal motives for the voter's support.

CINCINNATI and Philadelphia both elected Democratic mayors to govern Republican cities this year. They have had, it seems, very different experience with the gentlemen thus called to govern them. Mayor MEANS, of Cincinnati, promised nearly as much as did Mayor KING; but he has not kept his promises. He is said to be making changes in the police force of the city, with a view to using it as a political instrument in the coming election. Mayor KING has kept on the force all the Republicans who have done their duty. He has insisted on greater faithfulness, in view of the fact that he asks no political services from them. His new appointments have been made with a view to the efficiency of the service, first of all. He has even broken through a bad tradition observed by his Republican predecessors, and has appointed colored men as policemen. Of course, some objections have been made, but the step has been approved by the great majority of good citizens. They agree with the Mayor that the colored man, if good enough to vote and to sit on juries, is good enough to serve on the police. Mayor KING's election we opposed; his administration of his office we must pronounce a great success. We feared to hand over the colored people to such a police as even Mayor Fox gave us. This last step removes the last vestige of the fear.

THE Irish Convention at Chicago has accomplished at least one thing. It has shown that Mr. P. A. CROWE, of Peoria, is a monstrous liar, and therefore that his claims to the origination of the infernal machines shipped to Liverpool are probably on a level with those of Mr. O'DONOVAN-ROSSA to have blown up H. M. S. "Dotterel." Mr. CROWE, being excluded entirely from the convention, undertook, nevertheless, to inform the reporters of its doings. To his over-fertile imagination were due the reports of dissensions and scimmages, by which the newspapers were victimized, and upon which the editors have been writing wise comments. Hon. W. J. HYNES, of Chicago, a member of the convention, has given these fabricated reports a somewhat detailed contradiction. He admits that there was occasional diversity of opinion and some warmth of debate in the first two days, but says that this never reached the height of quarrel or dissension; and, so far from

"breaking up in a row," the Convention got through all its business and spent the last hour and a half in singing patriotic American and Irish songs. The meeting was one of Irishmen who believe in Ireland's right to her independence, and in the possibility of effecting it by honorable insurrection at no very distant date. Its object was to organize the preparations for such a struggle, and to put a stop, if that be possible, to the unlawful and irresponsible warfare waged by such people as Mr. O'DONOVAN-ROSSA. The organization—Mr. HYNES does not give the name,—is opposed to all interference in American politics, and comprises men of different parties and religious creeds. Of the one hundred and seventy in attendance, some forty were lawyers, several were clergymen, and the rest were business men or working men.

SOBERER counsels have prevailed in the House of Lords in regard to the Land Bill. Of the considerable series of amendments by which the Peers had disfigured the bill, Mr. GLADSTONE agreed to but two of importance, and with this Lord SALISBURY has been forced to content himself. The bill will probably become a law by the royal assent before the week is out. Mr. GLADSTONE has redeemed his pledge to stand or fall by this bill. At the close of last week it seemed as though nothing but a dissolution of this Parliament and an appeal to the constituencies would suffice to secure its passage. The Premier did not shrink from even this alternative. He swept from the measure one after another of the disfiguring amendments, as calmly as though he were the admitted dictator of the situation. To one of his concessions Mr. PARNELL offers decided opposition, on the ground that it will tend to make nearly every case a case for litigation, and that in litigation "the office" is to have the best of it.

BOTH parties seem to be agreed that, in case of a dissolution, Mr. GLADSTONE'S majority would be secure. We think it possible that they under-estimate the force of some of the elements which are adverse to his success. One of these is the loss in the English boroughs of the Irish vote, which will be given only to Radicals who have opposed coercion. Another is the growth of a sentiment opposed to Free Trade. That this question will be brought before the constituents at the first opportunity is shown by the trial of strength already made in Parliament. A resolution against a new treaty with France, on terms unfavorable to English trade, was given this direction by speeches on Fair Trade, and received eighty votes to one hundred and fifty. This was a much better show for the new movement than we should have expected. It is somewhat amusing to observe that the official champion of Free Trade in this instance was Sir CHAS. DILKE, who, in his *Greater Britain*, shows he has no sympathy with the contempt for Protectionists which was so common among Englishmen at about the time of its publication.

THE Irish leaders are taking up the same question as regards Irish manufactures. The Home Rule party was organized by Councillor BUTT, with express reference to the development of Irish manufactures by Protection. Mr. BUTT was at one time Professor of Political Economy in Trinity College, and when all the world had gone over to Free Trade, he, like Mr. CAREY and Judge BYLES, remained firm in his Protectionist principles. His avowed purpose in securing an Irish Parliament was to enact an Irish tariff, and the Home Rule party are, with a few exceptions, pledged to that policy. Mr. DAVITT and Mr. PARNELL, by taking up the land question and organizing the Land League, have diverted the party for a time from its first purpose; but with the passage of the Land Law the question of Irish manufactures will come into the foreground. Both Archbishop CROKE and Mr. PARNELL are agreed that, in the absence of proper legislation, the people should be encouraged to voluntary association for the purpose of patronizing home industry. As we have often said, the absence of manufacturing industry is, far more than the Land tenure, the root of Irish evils. The country has but eight of the 2,655 cotton factories of the United Kingdom, sixty out of 1,800 woolen factories, one out of 692 worsted factories and two out of 12 silk factories. In the three north-eastern counties the linen manufacture owes its existence to the long-continued Protection and even monopoly of the business granted by England to the Scotch colony in Ulster. But through the substitution of cotton, jute and silk fabrics for linen, in general wear, the manufacture is losing ground, and the prosperity of Antrim, Down and Armagh is merely relative. Their people, probably, would be among the first to welcome a policy which would create alternative employments to agriculture. Nothing that Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals have done for Ireland will ameliorate the superabundant misery of the Irish towns, or even make Irish agriculture profitable in the absence of an Irish population not employed in agriculture, but well enough off to pay for the surplus.

THERE is good reason to hope that the world has seen the last of the *Kulturkampf* in Germany. Prince BISMARCK evidently has aban-

doned the May Laws without revoking them. If the Roman Catholic Church would make certain concessions, and thus let the Chancellor come down without a complete surrender of his dignity, he would wipe them off the statute-book. But the Church will not make these concessions,—whatever they are,—and the Prince cannot do without the support of the Catholic Centre, a growing party in the Reichstag. So the laws are to become a dead letter. The priests and bishops will go back to their flocks, and if the Jesuits slip in again no one is to observe it.

POPE LEO XIII., whom we have always regarded as a sensible old gentleman, is so much aggrieved by the disturbances at his predecessor's funeral, and by the popular agitation for the repeal of the Papal guarantees, that he is thinking of migrating to Malta. This would be a bad blunder, for many reasons. The first is the abandonment of the genuinely Catholic minority in Italy and in Rome, whose strength is in having the Pope among them. The second is that the occasion of the quarrel is ill chosen. Italy has made at least a show of vindicating the Papal dignity, and has not consented to the repeal of the guarantees. The world is not convinced that the Pope has no other resource than a retreat to Malta, and the Holy See owes a descent respect to the opinion of mankind at large. Finally, why seek refuge in Malta, under the shelter of the most intensely Protestant government in the world? Has Catholic Spain no place she could place at the disposal of her chief bishop? One of the Balearic islands would be not only as Catholic in its popular feeling, but happier in its public relations to the papal court.

THE old lady who cut off her dog's tail at the rate of an inch a fortnight, to avoid hurting him too much by taking it all off at once, set the example which Turkey is following in the matter of the New Greek frontier. The cession of Moslem territory to Greece, and its conversion into what Moslem law calls "the house of confusion," must be a very painful and humiliating proceeding. But it is not made a whit the less so by the pleas for delay and postponement, which precede the evacuation of each zone of the territory. The Turks used to be supposed to have learnt the lesson of submission to the inevitable. But they are unable, it seems, to read the "Kismet" which is written on the line of the new frontier.

THE PROFITS OF THE YEAR.

AFTER three years of abundant crops, active manufactures, a steady growth in material prosperity, and increase in the visible wealth of the nation, we have to look forward to a harvest less generous and a season in which our surplus for foreign export must be less. At the same time our wants have increased in number, and we have need of a much larger national income to meet our expenditures, when calculated upon the present scale.

The elements of our prosperity are the crops of cotton and breadstuffs, the product of provisions, manufactures, and immigration from Europe. It is now certain that the grain crop will not be as great as last year. The acreage is slightly larger, but bugs, worms and the drouth have diminished the yield in many localities, so that the total crop is estimated at from ten to twenty per cent. less than last year, when it was the largest ever known. The normal increase in population, together with the gain from immigration, will increase the quantity needed for home consumption, while the better harvests in Europe will leave a smaller deficiency to be met by shipments from America. And yet it is by no means certain that the diminished volume sold to Great Britain and France will not be compensated for by the increased price. The most extravagant estimates of the damage done to the crops do not place the deficiency at more than twenty per cent., while the price of wheat and corn is now twenty-five to thirty per cent. higher than it was at the same time last year. If the result proves that the ruling prices are not unwarranted and can be maintained, the profit on the crop will be quite as great as it was last year, when we shipped nearly twenty million bushels less of wheat than the year before, but received almost a million more in money therefor. Provisions, too, are much higher now than then, but Europe cannot do without them. The cotton crop is another great source of national wealth,—until within a very few years, our greatest. To this there is no fear of injury. That of 1878 was the heaviest ever grown, but it was exceeded by that of 1879, which, for the first time, was over six millions. Careful estimates place the crop of the current year at seven millions of bales, or three-quarters of a million more than for 1880,—an amount so large as to ensure low prices to the shippers and the mills, thus causing increased consumption.

Immigration has been on an unprecedented scale, often reaching over 2,000 in a single day and averaging almost as much for a whole month at a time. There is just now a lull in the tide, but it will set in again in the fall as strong as it was during the spring. Assuming the value of each immigrant to be a thousand dollars, as has been estimated by political economists, irrespective of the working capital which the immigrant may have in addition to his sinew and muscle, it is easy to see that this addition to the population will more than compensate for that unknown quantity, which is a most important factor in the balance of trade—the expenditures of Americans travelling abroad. This is a drain of many millions every year, and when we add to it the incomes enjoyed by Americans residing abroad, from investments in the United States, the total is very considerable.

The activity of all our industrial establishments has an important bearing upon the prosperity of the country, though its influence upon our credit balance with other nations is only secondary. The percentage of manufactured goods sent abroad is still comparatively insignificant in proportion to the whole, while our industrial establishments are active in about the same ratio as the growth of the purchasing ability of the people. The development of our mines and the activity of the mills and furnaces, all enure directly to the benefit of labor, increasing the consuming power and, at the same time, the means to pay for that consumption, and yet much of this activity at the present time is the result of permanent investments which cannot pay interest at once. We are now pouring money into Texas, in the shape of iron rails and wages for labor, at the rate of something like two millions of money a week, and railroad construction is going on at the rate of twenty miles a day at a cost of fifteen millions a month. A large part of this must be considered in the nature of a permanent investment, for new railroads seldom begin to pay at once. They are the pioneers of civilization; trade and commerce follow in their train, but they have first to blaze the way.

These enterprises have provided employment for a larger amount of money than the country ever had before; but it is still abundant and cheap, and yet the banks at all the centres of trade never were busier, never had so much money in their vaults, and never before had such enormous lines of discount. Three weeks ago the amount at risk by the Philadelphia banks had reached an amount greater than ever before, and yet each statement since has shown a further expansion. They aggregate nearly four times as much as the combined capital, and the clearings are seldom less than half the capital. With money so briskly moving, and so constantly employed, the question of our ability to continue to draw gold from abroad is most important. In the last two years we have not only retained all our product of the precious metals, amounting to a million and a quarter a week, but we have attracted from abroad about \$170,000,000 more. This has been a serious drain upon the resources of Europe—so serious that the operation cannot be repeated with equal ease—and yet it is hard to see how large imports of gold can be avoided. Even should the demand for provisions and breadstuffs be less than in the past two years, prices, as we have shown, will be higher, and Great Britain and France must have a certain amount. Balances of trade are slow of payment. The excess of exports for the fiscal year of 1879-80, was about \$180,000,000, and \$75,000,000 of gold and silver were sent us in payment. In the following year the excess of exports was \$80,000,000 greater, and \$17,000,000 more than for the previous year came to us in gold and silver. The export trade continues as active. How then can payment in gold and silver, if necessary in the past, be avoided now?

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

IN all literature, there is perhaps no department more important than criticism, and there is certainly none more maligned. In any consideration of the curiosities of literature, there is no chapter more entertaining, and, if read aright, more instructive, than the chapter on the curiosities of criticism. To attempt to compress any consideration of so vast a subject as this into a single chapter, would be a hopeless absurdity. In a work of large scope, like the elder Disraeli's, of course any one topic is, perforce, crowded into a few scant pages. But although the learned Isaac devoted but a little space to an avowed consideration of critics and criticism, in reality, a very large portion, not only of the "Curiosities of Literature," but also of the "Amenities of Literature," and of all similar works, may fairly enough be said to belong

more specifically to the curiosities of criticism. For, of a truth, author quarrels with author not so often from jealousy of his fellow as an author, as because his fellow has turned critic,—said something which the author, as an author, does not like. Now, of books about the quarrels of authors, and of accounts of literary feuds, and faction fights, and journalistic Donnybrook fairs, there is truly no end. And yet there was room for the neat little volume on the "Curiosities of Criticism," which it has pleased a Mr. Henry J. Jennings to write. The English author dismisses without consideration all the dire disputes between Greek poets and Greek critics, and Roman authors and Roman critics, and French writers and French critics. He confines himself entirely to English authors and English critics; as is the wont of English authors, he says naught of cis-Atlantic criticism. Of all things American,—saving only of praise in American papers,—the English literary workman is as careless as Gallio. But for all Mr. Jennings' limitations, and perhaps, indeed, because he has chosen to confine himself to a simple subject easily handled, his little book is as amusing as may be. It is a good bit of literary work, well planned, well considered, and well written, and it may serve here as a text. To certain anecdotes and illustrations culled from Mr. Jennings's pages, it will be easy to add other and American examples.

"Some books," said Bacon, "are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." The most of the few books which are worthy of chewing and digestion, are the classics which have been picked out of the literary banquets of the past. But the modern books are only to be tasted, or at most to be swallowed. Here comes in the critic's duty and opportunity. Just as certain Oriental sovereigns had a taster, whose duty it was to stand at the banquet, tasting of each dish which was placed before the ruler, and reporting on its savor and quality, before the monarch himself ate of it, so the critic performs the duty of tasting for the public, and reporting to it what books are worthy to be swallowed. "The number of those," Mr. Puff informs us, in a play of Sheridan's which surely came within the range of Mr. Jennings's consideration, although he does but casually quote from it; "the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed." Most men are willing to take an opinion ready-made, and be thankful. Most men, indeed, belong to the class who have to run as they read, and in fact have to be caught while running, and coaxed or coerced into reading instead of running. Nor is the figure of speech far more from being literal; athletics and aesthetics are as antagonistic in the world at large as they are popularly supposed to be in college. Most men, as we have said, have to be caught at large and made to read, if they read at all. The critics of the periodical press are like the officers who execute a compulsory education law—they go out on highways and byways, and compel men to read, whether they will or not. To do this, to get people to read what is worth reading, they have to discriminate against what is not worth reading. And here comes the rub; here the critics are between the upper and the nether millstone; 'or they stand midway between the thick-willed general public and the thin-skinned author.

The author is thin-skinned; there can be no doubt of that. Mr. Jennings fills page after page with the accumulated opinion of centuries of authors upon the uselessness, and spitefulness, and pettiness of critics individually, and of criticism as a trade. Carlyle, for instance, called critics the "flesh-flies of literature." Southey spoke of criticism as "the ungentle craft"—only to turn critic himself after a while. Dr. Holmes, too,—with the knack, somehow his, of always saying just what has been waiting to be said,—declares it to be "a blessed thing that Nature, when she invented, manufactured, and patented her authors, contrived to make critics out of the chips that were left." And if all critics were as cool and as candid as one in the *Indo-European Correspondence*, who, not long ago, as Mr. Jennings informs us, declared that "our opinion of Carlyle, whose works we have never read, is that he was a much over-rated man; Ruskin, whose works we have likewise never read, is by far his superior;"—if all critics were like unto this one, then, verily, Nature has no reason to be proud of the chips she leaves in her workshop. All critics, of course, are not like unto this one—especially in candor. But many critics are as ready as he of the *Indo-European Correspondence*, to write with haste and without full knowledge. Within a month, a correspondent of the *London World* has pointed out that a recent reviewer in the *London Times*, criticising two books on Oxford, hoped, "from the form of the title-page, that Mr. Turner is continuing his researches, and will, before long, give us another volume of records," in obvious ignorance of the fact that Mr. Turner was dead and buried, and that his full obituary had been published in the *Times* itself. As the correspondent of the *World* humorously remarked, "Mr. Turner's next notes on old Oxford worthies would doubtless command an immense sale, as they would possess extraordinary authenticity, and proof-sheets of documents corrected at 'another place,' by the aid of Latimer and Ridley, and a long line of dead-and-gone town-clerks, would be as much of a curiosity of literature as the blunder of the *Times* was a curiosity of criticism."

Authors are an irritable genus, and critics are but human after all, even when they are most competent and careful; and the temptation

to risk a good jest, although it might be at the cost of a friend, is hard to resist. When the author is not a friend, but a foe, or at least a member of some faction or sect opposed to the faction and sect of the critic, then the temptation is well-nigh irresistible, and the immolation of the victim takes on an aspect of sacrifice and peace-offering to duty. Sometimes the ram refuses to be slain, and the scape-goat will not go up into the wilderness. Sometimes the sufferer by a slashing article feels a desire to have a cut at the writer thereof; and there are authors who retort upon the critic who has riddled their book by a challenge to a duel, in which they hope to riddle the critic. This fiery answer to literary judgments—a sort of appeal from pen-and-ink to pistols-and-coffee,—is more frequent in France than elsewhere. Only a few weeks ago, M. Francisque Sarcey was nearly challenged by an actor of the *Comédie Française* for a few chance words in one of his dramatic criticisms in the *Temps*. It was Sainte-Beuve whose bloodless duel with an irate author came off in the rain. The great critic, holding his pistol in his right hand, while with the left he held an umbrella over his head, answered the protests of the seconds with the sensible remark that he was willing to be shot at, but he was not willing to catch cold.

This appeal to arms is to be found also in English literary history, but not later than the first quarter of this century. Mr. Jennings tells us of the interrupted duel between Moore and Jeffrey, and of the two challenges Byron sent,—or rather tried to send, for his wiser second prudently suppressed them. One was to the peaceable Southey. Byron's true weapon was his pen, as the critics discovered when he put forth "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," with its terse and vitriolic couplets—

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

Imitating and emulating Byron in this, as in not a few other things, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne turned upon the critics of his earlier poems, and, giving up verse for prose, poured forth invective and adjectives upon those who did not like and delight in his lighter and looser strains. Mr. Swinburne's "Under the Microscope," is a curiosity to be recorded here, in spite of its slight value, alongside of Mr. Whistler's amusing pamphlet against Mr. Ruskin, "Art and Art Critics." Longfellow, it is pleasant to remember, made no reply to Poe's bitter assault on him in the vindictive essay, "Mr. Longfellow and other Plagiarists." Poe's career would furnish forth as amusing a chapter of curiosities of criticism as Pope's or Molière's; but the subject is too large and too familiar to be entered upon here and now.

Mr. Tennyson has not always had the self-restraint and the self-respect of Longfellow. While he has studiously profited by the adverse criticism of his earlier adversaries, he has not always been able to keep from trying to pay them off in their own coin. Christopher North had harshly reviewed his first volume in *Blackwood*, and the future poet-laureate replied in a copy of verses which Mr. Jennings cautiously qualifies as "curious." They are that, and more, too, as the reader can see:

"TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

"You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher."

Far better than this unworthy squib was his biting retort to Lord Lytton's "New Timon" or rather to those lines in it which referred to "school-miss Alfred," and his

"Jingling melody of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

Mr. Tennyson's retaliatory verses appeared in *Punch*, and, although the poet has never acknowledged them formally, they have been included in the American editions of his poems.

One quatrain of this *Punch* poem is well worth citing, because of its pride, and for another reason:

"And once you tried the Muses, too;
You failed, sir; therefore now you turn;
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern."

In spite of the faulty rhyme, we can see that here is another version of the "critics are people who have failed in literature and art," the original of which everybody was trying to trace just after "Lothair" was first published. A similar idea has been found in Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Southey and Landor—to mention only the English. It is, in fact, a commonplace of literature; and commonplaces of literature have no right in an essay on the curiosities of literature.

LITERATURE.

CANADIAN NATIONAL BALLADS.

FOR the true American,—the man whose interest in things American is not circumscribed by boundaries of race, religion and nationality,—as well as for the *littérateur* and student of folk-lore, there can be no subject of greater interest than that which has been treated by a most competent author in this volume ("Chansons Populaires du Canada," Ernest Gagnon.) M. Gagnon is not only an accomplished writer and a profoundly patriotic Canadian, but at the same time a musician of distinction, and with loving labor spent many months in wandering through the heart of French Canadian Quebec, noting the words and music of the unwritten ballads, handed down from parent to child from the time of Jacques Cartier and Maisonneuve. The work was performed just at the right time, for between the railroad, education, and the influence of the United States, the *habitant* of Lower Canada, the most conservative of all residents of America, is beginning to suffer a land-change. For two centuries, be it remembered, the French Canadian has lived on the same farm, amid the same people, under the same influences, amid the same surroundings. For all practical purposes, the French Canadian of to-day, and his ancestor, born in New France of French parents, might be interchanged. Such a state of society, it might reasonably be expected, would be eminently favorable to the preservation of folk-songs and folk-lore, and the early settlers of Canada came from a country of songs and singing and carried their ballads into a country where the conditions guaranteed the preservation, in all their purity, of these songs. There was no progress, no rival civilization, no concurrent alien language, no education tending to bring in new ideas and weaken old impressions and traditions. And at the same time the people's occupations tended to develop their fondness for song. They had to dwell in companies to secure themselves from savage attacks, to diminish the difficulties of communication and transportation in the long winter and to satisfy their strong desire for the ministrations of religion, and, alike in summer or winter, when they gathered for purposes of social recreation, music was the most natural,—almost the only source of pleasure at their command. The men who were paddling over the waters or laboring in the wood, day after day, and always in company, cheered their toil with songs, and these songs, taught to the children in their cradles and at the hearth, were handed on to the next generation, and by it to the next, and so have come down to the present time with scarcely one note changed from the originals first brought over the sea in the seventeenth century. Indeed, there are many songs sung in Canada to-day which have gone quite out of popular use in France, while in other cases, where the songs still exist in both countries, the Canadian version is the purer. To the superficial observer this may, for a moment, seem unlikely, but the slightest reflection will show the reasonableness,—the inevitableness of the theory.

In one important detail, it may be said, the ballad of "Old France" was modified on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The boat songs, fitted for the slow and laboring oar, assumed a livelier rhythm and a gayer movement when the accompaniment was the swift paddle-stroke. The geography was somewhat changed at times, but Paris and Nantes, St. Malo and Versailles survive, and there is one curious instance of a song that has been forgotten in France surviving in Canada, where the hero is spoken of as a prisoner to the Dutch in Holland; the present generation of French Canadians know nothing of either, and what little intercourse their ancestors had with the colonists of New Amsterdam and Orange was rather friendly, so that the age and origin of the song are clearly established. It is worth noting that towards the coast the French Canadians sing "Dans les prisons de Londres," and not "Dans les prisons de Nantes," taking "Nantes," of which they have never heard, for a corruption of "Londres," of which they often hear, while far inland the peasant who knows nothing of London or of Nantes sticks to the original version and perpetuates in its purity a song long since forgotten in the French seaport where it had its birth. In some cases the flora and fauna of the ballad have been modified, but it might almost be said that, as a general rule, they have been retained, and the rural French Canadians sing about oil, which they do not employ in their cookery; about wine, which is not pressed from their small harsh grapes, and even about orange trees. In one of the songs we find the beautiful Duchess of Maine; another is clearly descended from the time of the Crusades; in most of them are to be found all the characteristics of the old ballad, and notably the use of the number three. Thrice the lover plunges into the sea to rescue the ring of his sweetheart; three burghers visit Paris to win the love of its fairest lady; a King's three daughters sleep beneath a tree; three ships sail into the harbor of St. Malo, and so on. Maidens go forth to fold their sheep, or sing carols on the bridge of Avignon; Kings bearing them, call on their "valets and chamberlains;" Barons catch up stray beauties to their saddle-bow—all is the life of Southern Europe in the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

The musical character of these songs does not deserve, or at least challenge, extended comment. They are simple, monotonous, as a rule inclined to melancholy; but the readers of M. Gagnon's book, who attempts to pick out the airs on the piano, or finds the words tame, would not recognize them were he to hear them chanted by a crew of lusty lumbermen, or croned by his driver as he jogged sleepily along the road, or sung by a girl beetling her linen in the river, or moving about the house at her domestic duties. The burden of the ballad is often quaint, at times ridiculous; sometimes inexpressibly musical and tender. Here, for instance, is a lumberer's chorus:

"The wind blows fair, the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair—my sweetheart calls!
The wind blows fair, the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair—my love waits me!"

And here is the burden of a cradle-song :

"Split up the wood, the oven heat,
'Tis not yet day, sleep, sleep my sweet !"

Here is a specimen of one of the most widely sung and altogether charming of these songs, "*La belle rose du rosier blanc* :

"I have plucked the beautiful rose,
I have plucked the beautiful rose
That hung on the white rose-tree,—
Beautiful rose !
That hung on the white rose-tree,—
Fair rose of the white rose-tree."

The first two couplets of the song read as follows, without the burden :

"I have plucked the beautiful rose
That hung on the white rose-tree :
I have plucked it leaf by leaf,
And placed it in my bosom—see !"

The reader thus can see how the words are expanded and illustrated in singing.

One of these ballads is the national air of Canada. The literary merits of "*a la claire fontain*" are perhaps not much greater than those of our own "*Yankee Doodle*," still a translation of that song will not be without interest, as it will give some idea of the form and character of the average Canadian ballad. It is founded on a ballad still popular in France, and is one of a class of songs in which the rhyme is invariable, and in which the last two lines of one quatrain, after the burden has been repeated, become the first two lines of the next quatrain : thus the order is 1, 2, 3, 4, burden ; 3, 4, 5, 6, burden ; 5, 6, 7, 8, burden, and so on :

Of yonder crystal fountain
As I went o'er the lea,
I found so fair the water
That there I bathed me—
Thou long time I've been loving,
Ever remembering thee !

I paused to dry me near it,
'Neath a tall oaken tree ;
The nightingale was singing,
On topmost branch sang he.

Sing nightingale, sing gayly :
Glad is thy heart in thee—
My heart is full of sorrow
While time is filled with glee.

I've lost my darling mistress,
That by no fault in me,—
All for a spray of roses
To her I would not gie.

Fain would I that the rose was
Once more upon the tree,
And that my mistress bore me
Same love as formerly !

One other specimen of the French ballad, as it survives in Canada, shall we give ere we close M. Gagnon's delightful book. "*Dans Paris y a-t-une brune*" dates back to the earlier half of the fifteenth century ; there is a Provençal version, and another in French is still sung in the West. In the French ballad the three lovers are troubadours disguised as beggars, who play now upon a lute of silver, anon upon a viol of gold, but the Canadian ballad differs therefrom in being a complete romance, and not a mere fragment.

"There dwells a dame in Paris
More beauteous than the day :
It is three city burghers
That to her love do pay.
'How shall we do to win her ?'
Does one to other say :
The youngest to his fellows
Said, 'I've hit on the way.
Make for me now a saddle,
With all its housings gay ;
From town to town I'll wander,
In her name away. * * *
Now guide, now guide, kind ladies,
A traveller gone astray.'
'Go forth, go forth, my daughter,
And show the king's highway—
Unto the town-gate guide him,
And come again straightway.'
The girl was young and heedless,
And further did she stray :
The gallant, who was brawny,
His hand on her did lay :
He lifts her to the saddle
And carries her away,
And swifter than the wind goes
Goes the charger gray.
'Adieu, my dearest parents,
Adieu, my friends, for aye !
When I was sought in marriage,
If you had not said nay,
I would not be a captive
With these brigands to day.
'No robber am I, lady,
But thy lover, by my fay ?'
Fill up, fill up the goblet,
Fill it with wine of Ay,
A health unto the lady,
And to the gallant gay."

It was not only the old songs brought so long ago across the Atlantic, that M. Gagnon has preserved with such tender and reverent care ; he has noted the quaint productions racy of the soil, the songs descriptive of rural customs and festivities, rude satires and election lampoons, and the manly and musical "complaintes," such as the famous "*Song of Cadieux*," which forms the basis of one of the most beautiful of the many touching legends connected with the Ottawa river. It is now some twenty years since the first fruits of M. Gagnon's labor were given to the world ; it is to be hoped that he may live to extend to ampler proportions the book which in a generation or so it will not be possible to complete, for the time must inevitably come in Canada when the lovers of folk-songs will sadly ask, with Cicero, "*Nostri veteres versus, ubi sunt ?*" And it is still further to be hoped, now that Parkman, Howells, and others of our authors have turned the attention of American readers to the history, literature and life of the New Dominion, that some competent hand may open to our people the treasures of song gathered in this handsome book, well worthy to be ranked with the works of Champfleury and Nodier. (Quebec, Robert Morgan, 1881, p. 350).

ANTHROPOLOGY.—The present, far from being the only age in which man has formed the objective study of man, has yet produced so great an efficacy in method and scientific classification as to rejuvenate and reconstruct a gradually superannuating and disintegrating structure. We remark in a past century so full an appreciation of the importance of the study of man by mankind as to find expression in poetical apothegm, and at the same time a confusion in methodicity and systematization effectually barring co-ordinate advancement. We even discover the term anthropology, psychological and physical, used about 1594. (as Sir William Hamilton observes,) by one Otto Casmann. But it was the work of the last comparatively few years to differentiate this indefinite homogeneity into a complex, yet subordinate and collaborating, heterogeneity.

Though there may be many specialists in the various sub-divisions of anthropology, whose attainments in their respective departments far surpass those of Edward B. Tylor, there are perhaps none who possess a more thorough and accurate knowledge of the subject in its entirety. Prior to the work which we have before us, the principal productions of this able writer, were "*Primitive Culture*" and "*The early History of Mankind*," either of which would have placed him in the highest rank of archaeologists, comparative philologists, and ethnologists ; and were signal indications of his recognized ability wanting, we should instance his selection to write the article "*Anthropology*" for the last edition of *The Encyclopedia Britannica*. Here we find a succinct statement of the scope and functions of anthropological science. After mentioning anatomy, physiology, psychology, philology, ethics, and finally sociology as contributors to anthropology, and speaking of their results, he continues : "Such results it is the office of anthropology to collect and co-ordinate, so as to elaborate as completely as may be the synopsis of man's bodily and natural nature, and the theory of his whole course of life and actions from his first appearance on earth." In this, his latest work, therefore, we expect and find just such a culling from numerous sources of the results immediately useful for the comprehensive purposes of anthropological co-ordination and concatenation. But how briefly this is done will be evident when we state that this volume is one of only some four hundred octavo pages. In respect of this condensation, the book is not felicitous ; for we look not to the leaders of a science for its popularization, but rather such work should fall to the lot of the lesser luminaries, leaving the brilliance of the first magnitudes to illumine the arcana. Such, however, being the professed object of our author as such we must consider his production.

The first chapter is taken up with the consideration of the immensity of the time during which the *gens humana* must have inhabited the earth, as evidenced, on monogenistic theories, by the development of racial demarcations, philologically and physically ; also, man's extreme antiquity is indicated by paleontological discoveries, showing his existence in geological ages requiring hundreds of thousands of years for formation. The second chapter is devoted to a resumé of such structural affinities between man and the lower vertebrata, as a non-specialist can readily understand. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Tylor tacitly reasons on the evolutionary hypothesis. The final pages of this chapter digress into a brief, but able and interesting, discussion of the relationship between language and ratiocination. In chapter third, we have a continuation of the subject of "*Physical Ethnological Distinctions*," most of which, being copiously illustrated, are easily comprehended. The origin and development of language, from mere gesture and onomatopæic utterances, through articulate speech, to the formation of abstractions, next claim attention ; whence the transition to a similar consideration of writing is not less instructive and entertaining. Some hundred pages then follow, with graphic description of the "*Arts of Life*," characteristic of savagery and primitive culture. Among these, we particularly observe the instruments of every-day requisition, such as the club, hammer, etc., etc.; the instruments of war and hunting ; the kind and nature of dwellings ; the arts of dress and personal adornment ; arts of navigation ; of cooking and preparing food,—all much too numerous to mention. Under the heading of the "*Arts of Pleasure*" are discussed, *inter alia*, music, poetry, sculpture, and the drama. After two short chapters devoted to "*The Spirit World*" of pristine barbarity and semi-civilization, and "*History and Mythology*," we come to the final culminating subject—"Society." Here a master hand traces for us among savages the sociological principles, in their incipency, which are now recognized as truisms, viz :—the necessary sacrifice of personal interests to those of the community at large, where antagonism exists, and the unifying effects of solidarity. In conclusion Mr. Tylor insists, "that the study of man and civilization is not only a matter of scientific interest, but at once passes into the practical business of life."

To review what is in itself a review is no easy task ; and it must be apparent from our naming of some of the principal headings, how great must be the condensation

of the text. Again, in treatment as well as in subject-matter no salient and attractive features present themselves. This, though it may serve to make a review prosaic, does not necessarily depreciate the interest of the original, and in the present instance this fact is peculiarly noticeable.

Throughout the entire work Mr. Tylor observes an extreme simplicity and perspicuousness, as well in the structure of his sentences as in verbiage, always explaining a technicality either by synonym or digression. Nor is this always effected without sacrifice of literary merit, resulting, as it does at times, in pleonasm or slight cacaphony; yet we fully appreciate the fact that, under the circumstances, avoidance of such was impracticable, and to seriously animadvert upon such imperfections were hypercritical. As we have already implied, some disappointment attaches itself to the superlatively concise manner in which the subject is treated. With the exception of the works of Topinard and Waitz, there is a great paucity of general treatises on anthropology, so much so as to create a desire for an elaborate one from Mr. Tylor. Nevertheless, none, even the most learned, can read this manual without intellectual delectation, as well as the acquisition of facts in themselves valuable, as inducements to their knowledge; while the unlearned may be induced to pursue farther some one path at least of the many along which for a short distance their way must have been so pleasant.

THOUGHTS FROM THE MAGAZINES.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.—The August numbers of the English Reviews are at hand. In the ever-fresh *Nineteenth Century*, which comes to us from the International News Company, New York, the Rev. Robert Shindler, has an article on President Garfield, which does him no particular justice, and is hardly more than a brief biography. Mr. George J. Romanes, discussing the "Intelligence of Arts," writes most interestingly of a fascinating subject. The Marquis of Blandford discusses the question, "Hereditary Rulers," admitting that the "Lords" must be reformed. He does not however, see just how it is to be done, but believes it possible even by the votes of the Lords themselves:

There is no reason, then, to fear that an Upper Chamber, properly constituted, although itself independent of the control of the constituencies, would venture to oppose legislation which embodied the absolute and manifest feeling of the people. In order though that its action should be respected in the country, and that its decisions should command the respect which pertains to the judicial decision of the Bench—that one unsullied glory of English freedom—the present purely hereditary constitution of that Chamber must be modified. There is hardly a measure which the Lords now attempt to deal with or modify, which does not draw forth an outburst of indignation from the ultra-Liberal quarters—an indignation which is shared partly by more moderate Liberals at times. This is surely a proof, if proof were needed, that this institution as it exists is out of harmony with the popular feeling. The only function fulfilled by the House is the one of inaugurating barren debates on matters of general policy, and the result of its decisions, even when brought to the test of a party division, is ignored by the Ministry and the Lower Chamber. It is fast sinking, in fact, into the condition of the House of Convocation. The Church goes on and lives, while prelates discuss, and neither the general feeling of the religious body nor the law of church discipline is in any way affected by their debates. If the House of Lords is willing and prepared to see its Chamber sink into this state of senile impotence, it will adhere to its present constitution, and thereby prepare the way to justify that class of politicians who maintain that the very existence of an Upper Chamber is unnecessary, and that the country would exist as well without it.

If, on the other hand, a new life were infused into the Lords, and the character of their debates, procedure, and constitution were modified, we might live to see resuscitated in this country an institution which has for so long a period been gradually dropping into decay and political effacement, that its members themselves are unable to perceive how far it has receded from its old position in the constitution, how far it has lost its vital energies. The halt, the maimed, and the blind, who now inhabit its precincts, have not the energy to rejuvenate their existence. Herein lies its greatest danger. The country itself does not care for the reform of the Upper Chamber any more than a man cares for his neighbor's domestic arrangements, so long as they do not affect him personally. The power of the Upper House is so largely in abeyance that its virility itself is becoming rudimentary from disuse. The surrounding of the organism has changed; its histological function must change with it, otherwise the inexorable law of decay must be left to fulfil its natural course.

This number is opened with two pages on Isolated Free Trade, in which Sir Edward Sullivan, and Mr. Dubre, of Manchester, furnish abundant facts in opposition to the maintenance of a Free Trade Policy by England. Says Sir Edward Sullivan:

"In 1844 Mr. Cobden said: You have no more right to doubt that the sun will rise in the heavens to-morrow than you have to doubt that, in less than ten years from the time when England inaugurates the glorious era of commercial freedom, every civilized commercial community will be free traders to the backbone. In 1852 he said that the time was at hand, 'when other nations would be compelled by self-interest and by the reality of our prosperity to follow our example and adopt free trade.' About the same time Mr. Disraeli said in the House of Commons: 'The time will come when the working classes of England will come to you on bended knees and pray you to undo your present legislation.' Which prophet, may I ask, now in 1881, has proved himself worthy of our trust?"

The cloud that threatens the industrial existence of England has been gathering and intensifying for six years. The extraordinary growth and development of agricultural and manufacturing prosperity in Europe and America have entirely changed her industrial position.—Thirty years ago England had almost the monopoly of the manufacturing industries of the world: she produced everything in excess of her consumption; other nations comparatively nothing. The world was obliged to buy from her, because it could not buy anywhere else. The discoveries of gold and steam immensely increased the demands and the purchasing power of the world, and consequently the demands for the products of England. Her wealth increased by leaps and bounds that were bewildering; she was intoxicated with success: with her immense accumulated wealth, her machinery, her coal, her iron, her insular position, she thought herself unassailable; she laughed at the possibility of foreign competition; she offered to fight the rest of the world with her right hand tied behind her back; she said to the world, 'I will receive anything you can send me without duty,'

adding at the same time an expression of hope that they would in turn receive her goods. But they said, No! we gladly avail ourselves of your kind offer of admitting our goods; certainly, we will send you all we possibly can. At present, unfortunately, we have nothing to send; we cannot yet supply our own wants; but when we have more capital, and your machinery and workmen, we hope to have a large surplus to send you.' Well, that was thirty years ago; now France and America and Belgium have got our machinery and our workmen and ample capital, and they are sending us a yearly increasing surplus that is driving our own goods out of our own markets; and every year they are more completely closing their markets to our goods."

Now, whether the reaction against isolated free trade is reasonable, or whether it is merely the "revival of working men's prejudices," as the leading journal tells us, it exists, and it is growing with a rapidity and with an intensity that surprise many even of those best acquainted with the operative class.

The organization of the working classes is very complete, and very strong, and at this moment the whole of it is being concentrated on this point. Already a number of operatives, far more than is necessary to turn a general election, have through their delegates given in their adherence to the Fair Trade League.

The working men are not working out the question by the abstract reasoning of others, but by their own experience; they know nothing of political economy, but they know what were the promises of the apostles of free trade, and they know what are the results. Bankers and brokers and dealers in stocks and importers of foreign manufactures may tell them that they are fools, and don't know when they are well off; that may be so, but they know when they are badly off, and *they are badly off now!*

The most sanguine must allow there is something rotten in the state of England. We have a population of 34,000,000 of the best working race in the world, accustomed for generations to agricultural and manufacturing industries. We have ample capital, better banking facilities and credit, cheaper coal and iron, and better engineers and mechanics and machinery than any nation in the world; greater facilities for importing raw materials for our industries; our climate is better adapted for labor of all kinds all the year round than any other climate in the world; our soil, take it all through, is better suited for agricultural industries than any soil in Europe or America; we have the finest breed of horses, beasts, pigs and sheep in the world; and yet the agricultural interest is on the verge of ruin, and the manufacturing interest is in a condition that alarms all engaged in it.

Bradford is nearly ruined, and both manufacturers and operatives are emigrating to America; and as far as our political economists are concerned, Bradford, say they, 'must be patient and watchful, and must look out for new markets and new products for her looms.' But this is offering a man a stone when he wants bread. 'Whilst the grass grows the horse starves'; whilst our manufacturers are patiently looking out for new markets our starving operatives are emigrating to America. And when you analyse this advice what does it come to? Bradford makes woollen goods, goods suited only to England, the north of Europe, and to America. If Germany, France, Belgium and America supply themselves with woollen goods and supply England as well, where are the new markets to be found? The millions of Africa and India don't wear woollens. Mr. Bright knows, as well as the manufacturers and operatives of Bradford, that there are no new markets to be found for woollen goods, and that the only chance of saving the Bradford operatives from ruin is to preserve to them their old markets.

Under protection the commerce of the whole world has increased 36 per cent. in ten years. Under protection the commerce of the United States has increased 68 per cent. in the same period. Under protection the commerce of Holland and Belgium, of France, of Germany, has increased respectively 57, 51, and 39 per cent. Under free trade the commerce of England has increased 21 per cent. in ten years. Under protection America is accumulating annually 165,000,000 sterling. Under protection France is accumulating annually 75,000,000 sterling. Under free trade England is accumulating annually 65,000,000 sterling. Many experts maintain that since 1875-1876 she was losing money instead of accumulating. Protective America now exports more than she imports. Protective France imports annually 4,000,000 more than she exports. (The balance against her is 40,000,000 in ten years.) Free-trade England imports annually 130,000,000 sterling more than she exports!

The apathy with which the nation views the collapse of agriculture is astounding. The most important interest in the country is within appreciable distance of ruin, and the country makes no sign. During the last ten years upwards of a million of acres have gone out of wheat cultivation. It is, I believe, an absolute fact that during the same period the capital of the agricultural classes has depreciated to the extent of 500,000,000, or 600,000,000, and their income 21,000,000, and the loss is still going on with accelerated speed. The strange thing is that this tremendous loss and depreciation is not only accepted by the community as a matter of course, but is even hailed by a certain school of economic philosophers as a grand proof of the blessings of free trade. They regard the ruin of British agriculture as so natural an event that they even express surprise that the agriculturists themselves should venture to complain. 'There is nothing like dying by a fine sword,' say they; 'the British agriculturist is dying by the sword of free trade—what nobler fate can he deserve? Instead of repining, he should try to emulate the enthusiasm of the Hindoo fanatic, who shouts praises to Seeva, the destroyer, even as he casts himself under the wheels of Juggernaut! 'It is not only the beneficent working of free trade,' says the Cobden Club, 'that prescribes the agricultural ruin of England, it is the great natural law of the preservation of the fittest that proclaims that, as England is not the best fitted to grow corn, therefore she must grow corn no longer.' But do the enlightened gentlemen who so glibly appeal to the beneficence of natural laws realize what the change means? A thousand acres in grain will support eight times the population of a thousand acres in grass.

A million acres of wheat supplies grain for 3,500,000 people. During the last ten years a million acres of wheat have gone out of cultivation, so that now, in 1881, if the population had remained stationary, we should be in a position to feed 3,500,000 of people less than we were in 1872. But during that period our population has increased nearly 3,000,000, so that in 1881 we are actually in a position to feed nearly 6,500,000 less than we were in 1872. We actually grow less corn now to feed 34,000,000 of people than we did forty years ago to feed 17,000,000. During the last ten years our live stock has diminished in value to the amount of 5,000,000. Our farmers have lost 6,500,000 annually for some years on the depreciated prices of the wool alone. Our dairy farming, our market gardening, our small rural industries are rapidly disappearing. Our importation of corn, meat, dairy produce, and vegetables averages 45,000,000, per annum more than it did ten years ago.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.—The current number brings out Rev. Malcolm MacColl once more, in a paper on "Reform under Mussulman Rule," in which the reverend gentleman advocates coercion by the United Powers to save the Turks from Russia. Mr. MacColl says:

The Ottoman Empire is clearly doomed. The question for statesmen to consider is, whether the end shall come in a sudden crash, or slowly, through the gradual eman-

cipation and political discipline of the subject populations. In the former case, there will be a hurried scramble over the spoils, leading, not improbably, to a general war. In the latter, the subject races themselves may quietly and, by degrees, take possession of the inheritance, as has been done in the provinces already liberated. Those, then, who desire to maintain, as long as possible, the material fabric of the Ottoman Empire, should be the first to advocate the gradual extension of semi-independent local administrative Governments, paying tribute to the Sultan, but managing their own affairs. But this can never be accomplished except by coercion through some, or all, of the Great Powers.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—The number for August contains a continuation of Mr. Henry James's "The Portrait of a Lady;" a paper by the late Dean of Westminster, on "The Westminster Confession of Faith;" some new "Sketches and Reminiscences" by Tourgenieff; an article by Mr. Arthur Tilley, entitled "Two Theories of Poetry," and other papers. From the last named we select the following passages, regretting that the limited space at our command forbids our drawing more largely upon this unusually interesting issue of a favorite magazine.

The general fault of unimaginative poetry is that it is too abstract, too rhetorical; that it is, as Mr. Arnold would say, evolved in the wits. But Mr. Rossetti's and Mr. Swinburne's poetry is unimaginative, not because it is too intellectual, but because it is too sensuous. Poetry should be sensuous, it is true—we have Milton's authority for it—but it should not appeal directly to the senses. "The plastic arts," says Stendhal, "appeal to the imagination through the senses, poetry to the senses through the imagination." And this is at once the chief difference between poetry and all other arts, and the secret of poetry's superiority. To deprive poetry of the benefit of her vantage-ground, and force her into an unequal combat with painting, is a wanton and senseless task, which cannot but end in disaster. The outward sensuous picture which painting presents is infinitely clearer, infinitely more satisfying to the senses, than anything to which poetry can attain; but the undercurrent of spirituality, the ideal intellectual beauty which it is the aim of all true art to reveal, this is the domain in which poetry soars supreme, while painting toils after her with earth-laden wings. To talk of the "colour" of a poem seems to me as false as to talk of the colour of a sonata or to call a picture a symphony. One art may be wedded to another, like poetry to music or to acting, or to both, as in the Wagnerian opera, or like architecture to sculpture, or music to dancing; but to jumble up one art with another, to lose sight of the peculiar functions and special advantages of each, and to talk of music as if it were painting, and painting as if it were music, cannot but lead to hopeless confusion.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

IN October, Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. will publish a new novel by Miss Blanche Willis Howard, whose former book, "One Summer," made such a decided hit.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb is to write the "Young Folk's History of New York," in Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's "Great Cities of the World." The same publishers announce a holiday edition of Tennyson's "Brook," with illustrations by Woodward, Bellows and Miss Humphrey.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, announce a new edition of Miss Alcott's Works, and a holiday edition of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven."

The letters of Mme. de Remusat to her husband have been published in English, by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and Harper & Brothers. The letters, as has already been said in these columns, fall as far below the "memoirs" as M. de Remusat was beneath Napoleon in attractiveness to the general reader.

The Universalist Publishing House, Boston, Mass., has decided to publish a memoir of the late Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D. It has been placed in the hands of the Rev. Sumner Ellis, D. D. All parties who have letters of, or can give incidents in the career of Dr. Chapin, that will aid in the preparation of the volume, are requested to send them to Dr. Ellis, care Universalist Publishing House.

Cats are all the rage in juvenile literature at present. Mrs. A. M. Diaz has written a volume on "King Gremalkum and Pussanita," and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson will shortly publish with Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, "Mammy Tittleback and her Family—a True Story of Seventeen Cats."

Mr. Marcus J. Wright, agent of the War Department, who has been appointed to collect Confederate documents referring to the late war, has met with much success in collecting materials. Vast stores of such records are, however, yet uncollected, and Mr. Wright makes an appeal for letters, records, etc., which will be copied and returned at the expense of the Department.

In the August number of the *Contemporary*, Mr. J. M. Farrar reviews Mr. Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" in a remarkable article. A sufficient idea of its quality and impartiality will be conveyed in the statement that he regards Antietam and Gettysburg as Southern victories.

Sir Bartle Frere will, it is stated, very shortly publish, through John Murray of London, a collection of papers "On the Afghan and South African Questions."

Dr. Darwin's latest work on the movement of plants is being translated into Russian by Messrs. Miloradovitch and Kobeljakzi, who will have the benefit of the counsel and advice of Professor J. F. Schmalhausen, of the University of Kieff.

The last literary work on which Dean Stanley was engaged was the correction of the proofs of his paper for *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "The Westminster Confession of Faith." A short critical article on "Robertson, of Brighton," from the Dean's pen, is to appear in *The Century*.

The preliminary reading for the Philological Society's new English Dictionary, which has now little more than six months to run, has so far produced very satisfactory results. Up to the present no fewer than 842,870 slips have been supplied to readers, of which 698,745, or about 84 per cent. have been returned filled up. Of these no less than 85,000 are the result of the reading of four readers. The number of readers who have helped in the work is over 750, of whom 510 are still reading. The number of authors read is over 2,700, representing over 4,400 separate works, and, of course, a much larger number of volumes. Allowing two lines to each quotation, a small estimate, the quotations represent an aggregate of writing of nearly 80½ miles, and the weight of the slips issued exceeds 1,700 lbs. The grand total of slips received since the work was first started in 1858 closely approaches 3,000,000.

It will be late in the fall ere Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's new volume of poems is published.

The widows of the founders of two of the principal illustrated journals on either side of the Atlantic, now manage them,—*Frank Leslie's* and the *London Illustrated*.

The Academy understands that a new society for the issue of early Scotch works and inedited manuscripts is in course of formation, and will commence active operations when a membership of 3,000 has been secured.

The town clerk of Carlisle has found a deed of April, 1398, in which is conveyed a piece of land, near the ground of Allan Shakespeare, while a William Shakespeare

figures among the witnesses. He conjectures that, perhaps, Shakespeare's ancestors were originally settled in Cumberland, near the Scottish border, and that one of them followed Henry VII. down to Bosworth, and settled at Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. Elliot Stock, the London publisher, will issue a magazine entitled the *Bibliographer*, in the autumn; it is to be uniform in size and style with the *Antiquary*, and will be devoted exclusively to book-love.

"Sidelights on English Society" is the title of a new work, in two volumes, by Mr. Grenville Murray, to be published shortly by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co., London. It will be an illustrated book, anecdotal and satirical.

Dean Stanley left among his literary remains a diary which, it is said, may possibly admit of publication.

The third and last volume of Dr. Hayman's edition of the "Odyssey of Homer" will be published this week. It contains the collations of seven original MSS. at various seats of learning, as also of "Eustathius' Commentary," and of two early and seven or eight recent editions, including the *editio princeps* published at Florence just four centuries ago. The preface will contain views on the Homeric questions of date, genuineness, etc., which have been in part already submitted to the Cambridge Philological Society in papers read before it.

The British Museum has purchased a collection of biblical and other Oriental manuscripts, which are of the utmost importance to the criticism and exegesis of the Old Testament. The collection, which was made in South Arabia, consists of forty manuscripts. Fifteen of these are portions of the Hebrew Scriptures, and two are probably the oldest which have as yet come to light of the Old Testament Scriptures. A third, which contains the Hagiographa, exhibits a recension of the Hebrew text, the other two portions of which are already in the Museum, thus completing the whole Hebrew Bible.

An interesting discovery has been made at Bath, England, in the shape of a copy of Pietro Bembo's prose works, with copious marginal notes by Tasso, made during his seclusion, 1579-86. The book seems to have belonged to the Bishop of Pozzuoli, who edited the poet's works.

The sermons, lectures, and literary remains of the late Rev. Dr. William Morley Punshon have been placed in the hands of the authorities of the British Wesleyan Conference Office for publication.

Among the recent acquisitions by the French National Library is a chest full of letters by Alfred de Musset, not to be opened till 1910. They will probably be found to have reference to his passion for George Sand, and their famous quarrel.

M. A. de Pontmartin has published another charming volume of *causeries*, bearing the title of *Souvenirs d'un vieux Critique*.

Under the French law, a copy of each book printed in the country goes to the National Library. The Government printing office, however, has for some years past held itself to be exempt from complying with this enactment, and thus it comes about that the National Library is short of precisely the class of books one would expect to find there—important official publications.

The fortieth volume of the new edition of *Voltaire*, edited by M. Louis Moland and published by Garnier, of Paris, has just appeared.

A relic of the unfortunate Captive of the Temple has been found at the Chateau of Chanteraine, near Mans. It is a MS. volume, containing an abridged history of the French kings down to Louis XV. On the margins of this volume, presumably the work of one of his tutors, the Dauphin has made many annotations. It is believed that the writing of them was one of the few distractions of his sorrowful imprisonment.

A number of hitherto unpublished letters from Napoleon to Fouché, Cambacères and the Duke of Bassano, have been given to the world at Paris, and reveal the great man in an exceedingly petty light, but they do not strike such a terrible blow at the Emperor as will the memoirs of Barras, about to be published in eight volumes at London, in which Barras tells and exults in his relations with Josephine, and casts a great deal of light on the history of the Eighteenth of Brumaire, already so severely analyzed by Col. Jung in his "*Bonaparte et son temps*."

The third volume of the new papers by the Duke of Saint-Simon has just been published at Paris. Among the contents may be mentioned a heart-felt and indignant chapter on the breaches of etiquette at the Court of Versailles.

The *Cercle de la Librairie* in Paris has opened this year, under the presidency of M. George Hachette, an exhibition of the different methods of engraving now in use for illustrating works, &c., and the leading French firms, both publishers and printers, have co-operated in making the exhibition one of the most interesting of its kind. A catalogue has just been issued, which is one of the finest specimens of modern French execution, both as to printing and engraving. It contains examples of the best recent productions in steel and wood engraving, in the various processes allied to photography, in chromo-lithography, &c., which have been applied of late in the most artistic and costly-illustrated books of the Parisian publishers.

The rearrangement at the City Library at Mayence has brought to light some literary treasures in the shape of manuscripts and very rare printed books. Among the latter are two books printed by Gutenberg. One is a bull of Pope Pius II., addressed to the Cathedral Chapter of Mayence, concerning the deposition of the Archbishop Diether; the imprint bears the date 1461. The other, consisting of twenty leaves, is *Tractatus rationis et conscientie* and is dated 1459. Both books are in good condition; they are printed with the same types as the *Catholicon*, but are neater and better defined. A copy of the *Catholicon* is also in the library. The Bull is believed to be a unique copy, since no reference to another copy is to be found in any known catalogue; but there is another copy of the *tractatus* in the National Library at Paris.

At the fourth Congress of the International Literary Association, which will be held at Vienna towards the close of next month, the subject of copyright conventions between nations speaking the same tongue, will be exhaustively discussed.

In the first part of the second volume of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, just about to appear, is an important paper by Dr. Schliemann, on his excavation of the Treasury at Orchomenus, copiously illustrated.

Among the books condemned in the last bulletin of the congregation of the Index are Burnouf's "Science of Religions," and Renan's "Anti-Christ," and "Christian Church."

The long-expected third volume of the great work on Political Economy, of the renowned German political economist, Professor Roscher, which will deal with the political economy of trade and industry, is now ready.

The French Academy will scarcely proceed to fill any of the three vacancies now existing until the late autumn. Among the declared candidates are Pasteur, François Coppée, Sully Prudhomme, Paul Janet and Eugene Manuel.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers send us a novel called "Paul Hart, or the Love of his Life," by Uncle Lute, which is the veriest trash. Absurd in plot, absurd in situation, common in language, it is altogether improbable and stupid.

Mr. G. Medairy, editor of the *Washington Department Review*, has collected from his paper a number of articles descriptive of Washington, and published them in a little book, to which he has given the title of "The Red Book of Washington."

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